

to Park City. Joseph S. Murdock and his sons: E. J. Duke, John H. Luke and A. C. Hatch operated some of the lines.

Among the fine inspiring traditions in this country of ours is the thrilling slogan: "The mail must go through." It may have been born during the exciting days of the pony express when fearless men risked their lives each day and night. Wherever or however it was born, certainly no finer chapter in the annals of U.S. mail history can be found than that recorded in the almost lifelong service of our fellow townsman, Elisha J. Duke, known and respected throughout the state as "Lishe."

Over fifty years ago a boy in his teens tightened the lines across the back of a freight team and made his first trip from Heber to Park City. James A. Garfield was president then. There wasn't even a telephone connecting Wasatch county which then extended eastward to the Colorado line, with the outside world. What were then called roads would be now termed cow trails. But from that day that same youth now seventy-six years young, has almost daily traveled this route. Thirty-seven years ago President McKinley designated him official mail carrier between Heber and Park City. Of course, that brought better equipment consisting of a string of horses, better adapted to speed and behind them "Lishe" mounted the then famous "white top" mountain road wagon leaving daily on the hour with its load of mail and passengers bound for Park City. With the coming of the railroad, progress seemed to dictate that the mail be brought in by the more modern method of rail delivery. But when it became apparent that mail out of Salt Lake City required a couple of days to reach here, it began to look as if the old method was best after all. Many old-timers still recall the expressions of sympathy that went out to "Lishe" as they watched his caravan of teams pull up legweary and mud-covered to discharge their stacked-up cargo of mail and post that had accumulated because of the always inevitable "snow-slide in Provo Canyon" which except for his faithful adherence to duty would have cut this valley off from communication for weeks at a time. The irony of the situation can be better understood when it is known that for this re-routed mail and post he got little additional pay. Perhaps the most grueling experience in his long career came in February, 1917 when five teams and fifteen men over a period of three days battled to hold aloft that banner—"the mail must go through." Many a winter night new kerosene was added to the family lamp to wait and see if "Lishe" Duke had got in with the mail.

Ripley might well observe that this dependable servant of Uncle Sam and the people of his capacity as mail carrier has traveled each season more miles than is necessary to encircle the globe; he got the mail through if he had to do it on snowshoes or transfer from sleigh to wagon; he has pounded down to their last rattle fourteen model T Fords to say nothing of diverse makes of other cars which have gone to the scrap heap under this relentless grilling; he has never had an accident! never had a vacation; and today at seventy-six you set your clock with the time of his departure or arrival. Maybe the fine mail service we enjoy today per-

mitting a letter to be written, mailed, answered and returned from Salt Lake City in less than 24 hours can be chalked up in part to the credit of "Lishe" Duke who will be gratefully remembered by the people of this county as the man who saw that "the mail must go through."

When the railroad came to Heber in 1899 the Denver & Rio Grande received the mail contract on a daily basis. Fred Hayes was postmaster for a short time and then was followed by John A. Smith who served until March 1, 1915. Dan McMillan was appointed next and served until November 1, 1920. Guy Duke, a veteran of World War I was then appointed and served until December of 1922 when Jay Jensen was appointed. Maranda Smith took office as postmistress on December 18, 1923 and served until February 19, 1936, when the present postmaster, Heber M. Rasband, took office.

Star route carriers during the years have been E. J. Duke who served for more than 40 years, Elijah Davis, John Wall, Willard Davis, Ben Murdock, Jay Cummings and Stacey Wright. Rural carriers who served for more than 30 years each included Lawrence B. Duke, Adolphia R. Duke, and Max Lee.

City postal delivery was established in Heber November 1, 1946, and carriers appointed at that time were Jay O. Johnson, Ray Wright, Bert Lindsay and Garth Rasband.

Another important governmental function in Heber, though it began at first as a private need, is operation of the Heber City Cemetery.

When the east part of the townsite was surveyed in 1859 an area near the foothills in the north-east part of the valley was set aside for burial plots. During that same year an infant daughter of James and Sariah Cook died and was the first person to be buried in the area. Later that year, John Carlile was injured while crossing Provo River and died in September. He became the first adult to be buried in the cemetery.

Busy pioneer settlers had little time and even less money to maintain and beautify the graveyard as it was then called, and so it was just used as needed. Sagebrush and weeds usually covered the area during the summer, and snows and frozen ground presented another problem during winter months.

As more deaths occurred the city government took more active control over the cemetery operation and began a regular program of upkeep. The small section originally set aside for the cemetery soon became inadequate, and John Duke and his wife, Martha, heeding the problem, deeded to the city a large tract of land adjoining the cemetery. In 1940 still another tract, south of the cemetery, was purchased by the city to add to the area of the cemetery. These burial lots were to have perpetual care.

In recent years the city has installed water lines throughout the cemetery to insure green grass and have hard-surfaced the roads making travel within the cemetery much easier. These improvements have also spurred individuals on to beautification of individual plots. Beds of flowers have

DAVID N. MURDOCK



David N. Murdock, eldest son of Joseph Stacy Murdock and Jane Sharp, was born April 23, 1855, at "Church Pastures," Salt Lake City, Utah. He rode horses early in life, herding cows in the foothills, always on the lookout for Indians, so he could ride fast and warn the settlers. While in Fillmore, when around 12 years of age, he was asked to take the place of a sick Pony Express rider. He rode for three months, receiving full federal pay, and bought his first pair of spurs.

HEBER BIOGRAPHIES

"D. N." was healthy, strong, and a hard worker. His father was the first bishop in the valley. He was called away from home much of the time to assist the saints to get settled, so young David had big responsibilities in early life helping with the family. He earned money and materials working in the timber, logging, road building, and freighting. By exchanging work with other men, he managed to get a two-room house built for his mother, which is still in good condition and is occupied. With authority from President Abram Hatch, he supervised the building of the first fence around our Heber Cemetery. He loved nature. The hills, valleys, mountains, rivers and forests were his education. He had little schooling. He always liked, and owned, good horses and traveled many, many miles on horseback. He knew oxen from "A to Z."

On January 14, 1878, he married Margaret Todd. He built a good two-room frame house with red sandstone walks all around, quarried with oxen from nearby hills. He was proud to bring his bride of a year to their own home, all paid for. Together they enjoyed relatives and friends. Many times strangers, Indians, and even tramps, ate at their table. All were made welcome. He was a good provider, always ready and willing to help anyone in need. Five sons and six daughters were reared here.

He was interested in ranching, range land, cattle, horses, but he never owned sheep. He had wagons, buggies, a bicycle, only one car, and he never cared to travel in an airplane. In later years he enjoyed seeing the big tractors, trucks, steam shovels, plow scrapers, and all the modern-day road work equipment. He also was vitally interested in the big reservoirs and waterways, thinking how much easier it was to build good roads and reservoirs than in his hard-working days with horses, plows, scrapers, wagons and a road crew.

He built the biggest barn in Wasatch County, and got out all the timber with oxen and horses during the winter months. All the logs were hand-hewn. He was an expert with ax, saw and hammer. He loved to work, and enjoyed good health all his days. He also had a healthy family. He enjoyed dancing, and gave several big public dancing parties on his birthdays, hiring

two orchestras to accommodate both old and young.

He spent his eighty-fifth birthday in Los Angeles with his sons. When they asked him what he wanted for a present he said, "A new bicycle." Not many boys his age would want such a gift, but he did, and he rode it to his last days.

Early in December he had a pain. Doctors called it appendicitis and advised an operation. He got along nicely and returned home. However, within a few days complications set in. He was returned to the hospital, where he passed away on December 13, 1951, realizing one of his greatest desires—"never to outlive his usefulness."

*Made fence around
Cemetery*